

SHINING TIME STATION (w.t.)

EPISODE #4
(UNTITLED)

Working Draft
By Ellis Weiner

Revised 4/4/88

From characters and series storyline
created by Britt Allcroft and
Rick Siggelkow

Shining Time Station

Suggested Notes for Rewrites

Episode #4

4/4/88

PAGES

COMMENTS

Page 1

Schemer to be more Brooklyn than Dickens

Page 5

After "What can you do with an old ball of string?" - suggest Stacy then says "Are you kidding?" - She cuts a piece and twists it into shape. Mr. C appears with a riddle about the things string can do with itself. Before their eyes, Stacy, Matt and Tanya (new name for Polly) see the piece of string come to life.

Mr. C's magic animation - Playthings.

Come back to reality. Stacy warms to her theme - 'just look at this,' etc.

Straight after Stacy goes in search of oil, Mr.C does his vanishing act and turns it into a competition he is playing with himself to break his own record doing an obstacle course around the station. Matt and Tanya say they'd love to help him play the game if only they could.

N.B. This idea could help to bring out Mr. C's occasional isolation due to his magical size and powers. He is the cast character about whom children can feel most protective and it is important to find ways to develop this idea in the series.

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Suggest Mr. C reappears, comments and helps with the special piece of looping. We then cut from 'Yeah, you can do a lot' to string animation insert inclusive.

SHINING TIME STATION (W.T.)
EPISODE FOUR

FADE IN:

(STATION --STACY ON LADDER, PEERING AT CLOCK. SHE GIVES IT A RAP --SFX SPRINGS POPPING, GEARS GRINDING. SHE LOOKS SURPRISED, A LITTLE AMUSED, RAPS AGAIN. SFX: A RATCHETING SOUND, AND A GREAT BOING! --IT'S DONE FOR. SHE STARES AT IT, MAYBE TWIRLS THE HANDS, WHICH SPIN LOOSE AND USELESS. SCHEMER IS EXAMINING SOMETHING IN THE ARCADE.)

*Wash clock
serving Mr. C for
years previously*

STACY

Now that's what I call a broken clock.

(SCHEMER RISES AND STARTS TO LEAVE, A BUSY MAN. HE CARRIES A TARNISHED, DECREPIT OLD UMBRELLA STAND.)

*something more
recognizable*

STACY (CONT'D)

Schemer, how'd you like to help me fix
this thing?

SCHEMER

No way, Stace. I'm much too busy.

STACY

But don't you think our passengers will
need to know the time?

SCHEMER

That's not the question. The question
is, do I want them to know the
time? And the answer is...

(ponders for a second) No!

STACY

Schemer, if they don't know the time,
they'll miss their train!

SCHEMER

Exactly. And they'll have to wait for
the next train. And what will they do
while they're waiting?

(gestures toward arcade)

They'll spend money playing my games.

Nope. For all I care, the clock can
stay broken forever.

(holds up umbrella stand)

Antique umbrella stand, Stace.

Just needs a good polish. It's yours
for only five dollars.

STACY

It's got holes in the bottom.

SCHEMER

All right, four dollars.

(Stacy laughs; Schemer remains deadpan)

Three.

STACY

Schemer, you were going to throw it out!

(SCHEMER GLARES AT HER, PLACES STAND TO THE SIDE, IN VIEW.)

SCHEMER

Rock bottom offer: Two dollars. I'll
just leave it here while you think
about it. See you later Stace.

(MATT AND TANYA ARRIVE AS SCHEMER EXITS. HE GROWS
UNCTUOUS.)

SCHEMER

Why, Matt and Tanya. Hello.

MATT AND TANYA

(drily, unfazed)

Hi, Schemer...

(SCHEMER, ON HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR, TRIPS OVER HIS SHOE LACE.)

SCHEMER

Darn shoe laces!

(HE GLARES AT THE KIDS DARING THEM TO LAUGH. BOTH STIFLE GIGGLES. SCHEMER REMEMBERS HIMSELF, SMILES.)

SCHEMER

My favorite children. *J. Schemer?*

(SCHEMER EXITS. MATT AND TANYA MOVE TO LADDER.)

TANYA

Wow, Stacy, can I come up there?

STACY

Not so fast, Tanya. I'm trying to fix the clock. Tell you what--you hold the ladder, and Matt, you get me the big screwdriver from the toolbox over there.

MATT

Sure...

(MATT GOES TO TOOLBOX. STAY ON TANYA AND STACY.)

TANYA

What's the matter with it?

(GESTURING "WATCH THIS," STACY RAPS THE CLOCK WITH A FIST.
SFX: RANDOM ARRAY OF SOUNDS--GEARS, BELLS, CUCKOO, MAYBE A
PIANO GLISSANDO, CAR-HORN HONK, ETC. TANYA'S DELIGHTED.)

TANYA (CONT'D)

That's neat. I like that!

(SFX TRAIN)

STACY

Me, too. But it doesn't tell us the
time. There's no way to tell if that
train's on time if I can't tell the
time. Now where's that screwdriver.

(ANGLE ON MATT AT TOOLBOX--HE HOLDS SCREWDRIVER IN ONE HAND,
HOLDS UP BALL OF STRING IN OTHER.)

MATT

Hey, can I have this?

Give screwdriver first

i.e. ball of string

(HE CARRIES BOTH OVER TO LADDER, HANDS STACY SCREWDRIVER.)

STACY

Sure.

(takes screwdriver)

Thanks.

TANYA

What can you do with an old ball of
string?

STACY

(at work on clock--it won't open)
Are you kidding? Just look at it! You
can run it across the room, or curl it
up like a worm. You can tie things,
pull things--Like my ^{granny} grandmother used
to say: "Let my life be like a piece of
string: long, strong, and soft at the
end."

(MR. CONDUCTOR APPEARS ON CLOCK.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

(raises eyebrows)
Your old granny never said that

*How does he know
why not?*

STACY

(looking bashful)
Well, okay. I've just made that one up
myself.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Umm. It was not bad for a beginner.

STACY

(puts down screwdriver; climbs down)
Thanks. What I need is ^{clock} oil. Be right
back.

(STACY EXITS)

MATT

Do you really know Aunt Stacy's
grandmother?

MR. CONDUCTOR

I know everyone's grandmother. It's
part of my job, isn't it? Here's
another part--

(HE VANISHES. THE KIDS STARE AROUND STATION.)

MATT

Hey!

TANYA

Mr. Conductor--!

MR. CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Over here....

(KIDS' P.O.V.--MR. CONDUCTOR IS NOW ON INFORMATION BOOTH.
ANGLE ON INFORMATION BOOTH--KIDS RUN OVER.)

TANYA

How do you do that?

MR. CONDUCTOR

That's the easy part. You just start
off in one place--

(HE DISAPPEARS.)

MR. CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

--and end up in another!

(HE'S PERCHED ON THE TICKET BOOTH. THEY RUN OVER.)

MATT

If that's the easy part, what's the
hard part?

MR. CONDUCTOR

(whispering--confidentially)

There isn't any! ^{hard part} What are you going to
ⁿ do with that string, then?

TANYA

We don't know.

(ANGLE ON SET--HE'S AT THE STATION HOUSE. KIDS RUN OVER.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

Then you must help each other think of
something. Everyone needs help now
and again. Take my friend Thomas, for
example. I'll tell you a story about
how he came to help his friend James.

(THOMAS EPISODE #7--"THOMAS AND THE BREAKDOWN TRAIN")

CUT TO:

(PLAY AREA (LOST AND FOUND?)--MATT AND TANYA ARE SURROUNDED
BY A LOT OF STRING--i.e., MOST OF THE BALL--AND PAPER,
CRAFT EQUIPMENT, ETC. THERE ARE BRACELETS, BRAIDS, A
MOBILE OF COLORED PAPER HANGING FROM A WIRE COAT HANGER,
ETC. TANYA HAS SNAKED A LENGTH OF STRING INTO A
SPAGHETTI-LIKE DESIGN ON A PIECE OF CARDBOARD, WHICH SHE
HOLDS UP CAREFULLY.

TANYA

There. Spaghetti Mountain.

MATT

That's good! Now what you can do is--
(MATT TAKES A BOTTLE OF ELMER'S GLUE AND DRIBBLES THE STUFF
ALL OVER THE STRING, LIKE SYRUP. TANYA LOOKS HORRIFIED.

TANYA

Hey! Quit it!

string

*make helping
real.*

MATT

No, watch, it'll make it stick. And
it dries clear, so you won't see it.

TANYA

Oh. Yeah, that's good.

(TANYA AND MATT TAKE MORE STRING AND DEPLOYS IT ON TOP OF
THE GLUED PART, MAKING A SECOND LAYER, UNTIL--)

MATT

There. Double Spaghetti Mountain.

(BOTH CEREMONIOUSLY SET IT DOWN IN A SAFE PLACE.)

TANYA (CONT'D)

That glue was a neat idea.

MATT

So was putting some more string on top.

MATT

(re dwindling ball)

Yeah, but we're almost out of string.

(uncoiling a piece)

I wonder what would happen if you kept
tying the same piece into one big
knot...

(--WHICH HE STARTS TO DO, LOOPING AND TYING AS FAST AS HE
CAN. SUDDENLY, MR. CONDUCTOR APPEARS FRONT AND CENTER.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

Well, it looks like you've made real
progress.

MATT

Yeah! You can do a lot with string!

MR. CONDUCTOR

Sometimes string can do a lot with
itself.

MATT

Huh?

TANYA

That doesn't make sense!

MR. CONDUCTOR

It will in a minute. Try opening the
Anything Door over there.

(MATT GETS UP AND GOES TO ANYTHING DOOR. TANYA PUTS DOWN
HER STRING, BUT LOOKS AT MR. CONDUCTOR SUSPICIOUSLY.)

TANYA

Why? What's behind it?

MR. CONDUCTOR

Isn't it obvious? Anything!

(ANGLE ON ANYTHING DOOR--MATT OPENS IT--

CUT TO:

(ACQUIRED FOOTAGE--STRING ANIMATION

CUT TO:

(ANGLE ON SET--HARRY LOOKING AT COWBOY ON MURAL, GOES TO
JUKE BOX, FISHES IN POCKET FOR NICKEL.)

HARRY

All day I've been thinking of this one
song. Woke up with it in my head, and
can't get it out again.

(inserts nickel)

CUT TO:

(INT. JUKE BOX--THE BAND IS SEATED AROUND THE TABLE PLAYING GIN RUMMY. THE TWO GUITAR PLAYERS (TEX AND REX) HOLD ONE HAND, MAYBE SHARE ONE CHAIR. THE NICKEL DESCENDS.)

BASS

Uh-oh. Show time!

PIANO

Oh, darn. All I need is one card...

DRUMS

(discards one)

Hope it's not this one, kiddo.

(REX REACHES FOR DISCARDED CARD, HANDS IT TO TEX.)

REX

Thank you, Tex.

TEX

You're welcome, Rex.

(BASS HAS ALREADY PUT ON HER GUITAR, IS IN PLACE.)

BASS

Let's go, people.

CUT TO:

(BANDSTAND--ALL ARE IN PLACE.)

BASS

On four. One...two...

DRUMS

I knew I should have kept that ace.

BASS

(gives him a look)

--three...and!

(MUSIC UP. "RAILROAD CORRAL")

CUT TO:

(CUTTING BETWEEN TRAIN FOOTAGE, BAND, AND HARRY)

CUT TO:

(HARRY'S OFFICE--HARRY IS SITTING AT DESK IN WORKSHOP AREA, FUSSING OVER SOMETHING ON HIS WORKBENCH: A SMALL WINDOW SIGN (SAY, 8 X 10 INCHES) NORMALLY HUNG BY A TINY LINK CHAIN. THE CHAIN IS BROKEN, AND HE'S TRYING TO MEND IT. IT'S NOT WORKING. THE TABLE IS COVERED WITH VARIOUS TUBES AND BOTTLES OF GLUE, EPOXY, "LIQUID STEEL," ETC. HARRY IS HUMMING THE SONG TO HIMSELF AS THE KIDS ENTER.

TANYA

What are you doing, Grandpa?

HARRY

What's it look like I'm doing? I'm
trying to fix this sign up. the chain
snapped off

MATT

What kind of sign is it?

HARRY

It's a sign for the front door. Your
Aunt Stacy said this sign was here when
the station first opened, a long time
ago.

TANYA

You sure have a lot of different kinds
of glue.

HARRY

(grows chatty, for him)
I've tried 'em all--cement,
crazy glue, you name it .

MATT

(examines the sign)

This looks like it'll work.

HARRY

Well, I sure hope so. That's my own
special give on there.

(beat; awkwardly)

What've you kids been doing?

TANYA

Mr. Conductor showed us some string

that moved around!

that did awesome things

HARRY

(uncomprehending; humoring her)

Uh-huh.

MATT

Yeah, and he kept disappearing all over
the station!

TANYA

And he told us a story about Thomas the
tank engine, and James.

HARRY

Sounds like a real interesting fella.

TANYA

(reaching to touch sign)

Is it ^{done} done yet?

HARRY

Now keep your paws to yourself.

(looks at it critically; moves kids
aside with his hand)

Now stand back. Gimme some room.

(THE KIDS FALL BACK AS HARRY STANDS AND GIVES THE MEND ONE
FINAL BLOW TO DRY IT. HE CAREFULLY REACHES OUT AND LIFTS
IT UP--THE CHAIN HOLDS, DANGLING FREE.)

HARRY

Uh-huh...

TANYA

It works--!

(HARRY WAVES HER QUIET WITH A GESTURE, THEN CAREFULLY HANGS
THE SIGN ON A HOOK OR PEG ON HIS TOOL BOARD (OR WHATEVER).
IT HOLDS. THE SIGN (IN PERIOD FRONT) COULD READ SOMETHING
LIKE:

Please Come In
We Are
OPEN FOR BUSINESS)

heller
more precise
periodic

HARRY

Well okay.

KIDS

YAAAYY!

(THE CHAIN BREAKS. THE SIGN FALLS OFF. DEAD QUIET. HARRY
REGARDS IT, NODS, TAKES HIS GLASSES OFF, LOWERS HIMSELF
INTO HIS CHAIR, AND THINKS ABOUT IT. THEN HE REACHES FOR
ONE MORE TUBE--)

HARRY

I'll be darned

(ANGLE ON KIDS--TANYA WHISPERS SOMETHING TO MATT, WHO NODS
AND STEPS FORWARD SHYLY AND OFFERS STRING.)

MATT

Harry...? Maybe you could use this.

(CU--HARRY TAKES THE STRING AND LOOKS AT IT AS THOUGH HE'S NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.)

HARRY

What in tarnation is this? String?] ??

(HE GETS UP, DEADPAN BUT RESOLUTE, AND GETS FROM HIS TOOLS A PAIR OF WIRE CUTTERS. SITS BACK DOWN AND GRABS SIGN.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've been thinking too much about glue.

(snorts)

String. Now that's the ticket.

(HE CUTS THE CHAIN OFF THE SIGN AT BOTH ENDS. THEN HE RAPIDLY THREADS SEVERAL LENGTHS OF STRING THROUGH THE EYELETS THAT HELD THE CHAIN, TIES IT OFF, AND HANGS THE SIGN AGAIN. IT HOLDS.

KIDS

YAYY--

HARRY

(motions for quiet)

Kids: I want to thank you very much.

It was a heck of a good idea. Big help.

(HE SHUFFLES BACK TO WORKBENCH, BUSIES HIMSELF WITH SOMETHING, A LITTLE EMBARRASSED. THE KIDS TAKE THEIR CUE, AND MOVE TOWARD DOOR.)

TANYA

See you later, Grandpa.

HARRY

(mutters and waves)

CUT TO:

(MAIN STATION AREA --MATT AND TANYA EMERGE FROM HARRY'S OFFICE. MR. CONDUCTOR APPEARS, SEATED ON THE INFORMATION DESK.)

MATT

(holds up string)

There's only a little bit left.

TANYA

Let's do something really special with
it!

MR. CONDUCTOR

Only a little bit left, eh? So you
have found a way to help each other?

TANYA

Oh, sure. And we helped Grandpa. He
just fixed something with a piece of
string.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Really. Now that reminds me of James.

TANYA

Thomas' friend? The train? You can't
fix a train with string.

MR. CONDUCTOR

I didn't say you could.

(to the children at home)

Did I?

TANYA

No.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Exactly. It was a shoe-lace.

TANYA

It was not.

MR. CONDUCTOR

And a newspaper.

MATT

Really?

MR. CONDUCTOR

Really.

(THEY TURN, SEE HIM AT STATION HOUSE. HE POINTS OVER HIS
SHOULDER "TOWARDS SODOR".)

MR. CONDUCTOR

They're very clever on the Island of
Sodor. Almost as clever as your
grandpa, missy. Listen.
(clears throat)

FADE TO:

(THOMAS EPISODE #8-- "JAMES AND THE COACHES"

CUT TO:

(LOST AND FOUND AREA-- STACY IS RUMMAGING THROUGH
EVERYTHING IN SEARCH OF A LITTLE CAN OF OIL.)

STACY

I know it's here. I just used it the
other day.

(MR. CONDUCTOR APPEARS, WATCHES HER FOR A SECOND.)

MR. CONDUCTOR

Perhaps I can be of service.

(STACY LOOKS AT HIM POLITELY.)

STACY

Oh, I don't think so, Mr. Conductor.

MR. CONDUCTOR

You never can tell. I've been here
a long time you know. From almost
before you were born. It's jolly good
to see someone taking an interest in
the place again, I must say.

older

no, outdated

STACY

(snaps fingers)

I just remembered where it is! Would
you excuse me a moment? I'm looking
for oil--

MR. CONDUCTOR

You mean the oil?

where does oil come from?

STACY

How did you know I was looking for the
oil?

MR. CONDUCTOR

Oh, just a luck guess.

(ANGLE ON SORRY-WRONG-DOOR. STACY OPENS WRONG DOOR, AND
SEES--)

INSET--ACQUIRED FOOTAGE--COWBOY ROPING STEER, SFX, ETC.)

(RESUME--STACY SHUTS DOOR.)

STACY

Sorry. Wrong door.

(SHE MOVES TO ANOTHER DOOR (INSET INTO WALL? KNEE-HIGH?
NORMAL? WHATEVER) IT IS ATTACHED TO A SPRING, HOWEVER, AND
SO KEEPS SLAPPING SHUT AS SHE TRIES TO LOOK INSIDE.
FINALLY--)

continued

STACY

Um.. Mr. Conductor? I need some help
here.

MR. CONDUCTOR

(joining her)
Certainly.

STACY

(positioning him beside door)
Stand here... right there. Now don't
move. Just hold this door open.

MR. CONDUCTOR

(imitating her)
Just hold this door open. Don't move.
Just what do you think I am? A
doorstop?

STACY

(caught; embarrassed)
Oh. Well, no, not exactly--

MR. CONDUCTOR

I may be small, but I have feelings
too, you know.

STACY

I'm sorry. I know you do. It's just
that I've been trying to fix the
clock--

MR. CONDUCTOR

The clock? Oh, well, that's different,
isn't it? I've been waiting for
someone to fix that thing. Do you
know, i've been late for every one of
my appointments for the last nine years.
(moves to hold door)

Here you are.

STACY

Thank you. And I really am sorry I
hurt your feelings.

MR. CONDUCTOR

Not at all. It's a pleasure to help.

CUT TO:

(ARCADE--MATT AND TANYA STAND AT THE NICKELODEON.)

(POLLY NODS, "TAKE A LOOK." MATT STEPS UP AND STARTS
TURNING THE HANDLE.)

CUT TO:

(MUSICAL NUMBER: FLEISCHER - A LITTLE HELP GOES A LONG WAY)

CUT TO:

(MAIN SET--STACY EMERGES FROM DOORWAY FROM PREVIOUS SCENE,
A CAN OF 3-IN-ONE OIL IN HER HAND.)

STACY

Ta-daa!

(to Mr. Conductor)

Thank you. I couldn't have done it
without your help

MR. CONDUCTOR

You're quite welcome.

(glancing towards main entrance)

Whoops! That fellow again. Oh,
well--ta-ta-, Stacy!

(HE VANISHES. SCHEMER STRIDES BACK IN, IMPATIENT AS
ALWAYS.)

STACY

(not seeing Schemer)

So long, Mr. Conductor.

SCHEMER

You're losing your marbles, kiddo
Talking to the furniture. Bad sign.

STACY

Oh, Schemer, It's you.

SCHEMER

The one and only.

(HE TRIPS OVER HIS SHOE LACE AND GOES CAREENING, MUST CATCH
HIMSELF ON THE INFORMATION DESK AS MATT AND TANYA ENTER
FROM THE ARCADE.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

These darn laces!

STACY

Why don't you try tying them?

SCHEMER

Can't. Too busy. (a beat) Besides,
every time I tie my shoelaces they come
untied again. Now watch. Just watch
this. You'll see.

(HE BENDS OVER AND GIVES THEM A SHARP YANK, WHICH CAUSES ONE TO SNAP OFF IN HIS HAND. IT GIVES HIM A FRIGHT.

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Yah! Now look what you made me do!

(tries the other ones; same result)

YAAHH!

(flings laces to the ground)

There, see? Take all the time to tie them, they break off in your hand.

Just as well. I don't need shoe laces.

(HE STARTS TO WALK, AND PROMPTLY WALKS OUT OF HIS SHOES, WHICH GO FLOPPING THIS WAY AND THAT, WHILE HE IS LEFT IN HIS SOCKS. AS BEFORE, HE WINDS UP FACING MATT AND TANYA, BOTH TRYING TO SUPPRESS HILARITY.

SCHEMER

This is not my fault, I'm a
businessman, I don't know anything
about shoes.

(both kids nod solemnly)

They're not my field! My field is
vending machines! Games. Money.

(pause)

Did you kids go to the Arcade today?

(ANGLE ON STACY--SHE SPIES THE REMAINING BALL OF STRING IN MATT'S HAND, AND DRAMATICALLY POINTS AT IT, ARM COMPLETELY EXTENDED.

(REVERSE ANGLE--THE KIDS SEE HER POINT, AND LOOK AT HER, BEWILDERED.

(RESUME--STACY CROOKS HER INDEX FINGER AND MOTIONS "COME HERE" TO THEM. THEY WALK OVER AS SCHEMER FUMES.)

SCHEMER

What. What's going on.

(STACY WHISPERS SOMETHING TO MATT AND TANYA. BOTH RECOIL.)

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

I don't like secrets.

TANYA

(to Stacy)

No. This is our string. And there's
only a little bit left.

MATT

We wanted to do something special with
it.

STACY

You'd be using it to help someone.
That's pretty special, isn't it?

MATT

But Aunt Stacy...it's Schemer.

(ANGLE ON SET: AN INCIDENTAL HAPPENING--MATT FALLS SILENT
AS A MAN IN SCUBA SUIT (WETSUIT, TANK, MASK, SPEAR GUN IF
POSSIBLE, ETC.) PADS IN (ON FLIPPERS) FROM THE MAIN
ENTRANCE, TOWARD THE PLATFORM. HE STOPS, TAKES HIS MASK
OFF, AND--

SCUBA MAN

When's the next train to the beach?

STACY

Twenty minutes.

SCUBA MAN

Thanks.

(HE PUTS HIS MASK BACK ON, PADS OUT TOWARDS PLATFORM.)

*2 have just enough and
left on my tank*

SCHEMER

See? He doesn't wear shoes. Some
people know how to live.

*he wears flip-flops
summer shoes*

STACY

Come on, kids. Let Schemer use your
string, or he'll be grumbling about his
shoes forever.

(TANYA AND MATT TRADE A SILENT LOOK, GIVE A GRUDGING OK.
TANYA TAKES BALL TO SCHEMER.)

TANYA

Here, Schemer. You can use it for shoe
laces.

SCHEMER

Well...all right. Thank you.

(SCHEMER RETRIEVES HIS SHOES, AND SPIES THE UMBRELLA
STAND. HE DROPS THE SHOES, GRABS THE STAND, AND HOLDS IT
UP TOWARDS STACY.)

SCHEMER

Two dollars, Miss Jones. My absolute
final offer. Period.

STACY

No thanks, Schemer.

SCHEMER

One dollar.

STACY

I think I'll pass, Schemer.

(SCHEMER, STILL HOLDING STAND AND STRING, SNORTS, PICKS UP
HIS SHOES AND WALKS TOWARD THE BENCH. BUT HE SEES MATT AND
TANYA, STOPS A HALF-BEAT TO THINK, THEN APPROACHES THEM,
ALL PHONY SMILES.)

SCHEMER

Here you are, children. This lovely
umbrella stand. A present, from me to
you. Isn't it nice?

(HE SHOVES IT IN MATT'S HANDS AND EXITS OUT THE ARCH TOWARD
THE PLATFORM.)

MATT

What do we do with this?

(STACY SNAPS HER FINGERS AND LEAPS OVER TO THE DOOR WHERE
SHE FOUND THE OIL. SHE OPENS THE DOOR, AND MOTIONS MATT
OVER TO HER. SHE TAKES THE STAND--

STACY

(magestically)

This, my friends, is our new doorstep!

Mr C should be here

(--AND SLAMS IT DOWN ONTO THE FLOOR, PROPPING OPEN THE
DOOR.)

STACY (CONT'D)

Hey! Let's get the ladder and fix the
clock!

(MUSIC UP AS KIDS CHEER, ALL THREE BUSTLE AROUND FOR
LADDER, TOOLS, ETC. MAYBE HARRY EMERGES FROM HIS OFFICE
WITH THE SIGN, GOES OVER AND HANDS IT TO STACY, WHO EXULTS,
ETC., UNDER--)

CLOSING CREDITS

CLOSING VISUAL: CLOCK AT LAST CHIMES

FADE: